The Nation's Grief:

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

Chapel of the Officers' Division

OF THE

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL,

NEAR FORT MONROE, VA.,

SUNDAY, APRIL 29th, 1865,

AND REPEATED BY SPECIAL REQUEST IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, VA.,

By JAMES MARSHALL,

Chaplain U. S. Army.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP HAMILTON,
Near Fort Monroe, Va., May 8th, 1865.

REV. JAMES MARSHALL,

DEAR SIR:—The members of Battery F, Third Pa. Heavy Artillery, stationed at this place, having listened with pleasure to the sermon delivered by you on the death of our late President,—Abraham Lincoln,—formed a committee to raise funds for its publication. Appreciating the merits of the discourse, and knowing that good will follow in its wider circulation, we are anxious to obtain copies of it to send to our friends and acquaintances at home.

Therefore, the undersigned, as Committee in behalf of the Battery, would respectfully ask a written copy for publication.

We are very truly,

Sergt. J. W. THOMPSON,
" JAMES FORDHAM,
" W. BROOKS,
" E. K. KINSEY,
" A. M. HOSTER,
" T. H. BLAKE,
" L. HOWELL,
" J. W. COOKE,
" J. C. WOODBURN,
" H. G. GRIER,
" F. MCDONNELL,
Corp. R. W. JACKSON,
Corp. A. CAROLL,
" C. FOUCHT,
" W. GUNZIER,
" E. LLOYD,
" J. WOOLF,
" G. PRIMROSE,
" H. SHOEMAKER,
" G. KELTS.
" W. LOVE,
" O. BENNER,
" W. SHRIVER,
" J. MARSULA,
Corp. W. CASE.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,
Officers' Division, Fort Monroe, Va.,
May 12 1865.

SERGT. J. W. THOMPSON and others of Committee,

SOLDIERS:—Your request to publish my discourse on the death of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, is received and granted. In common with millions, your hearts are buried in grief at this sad calamity. My imperfect discourse is a poor transcript of the soul's true thoughts at this time. Your kind interest thus expressed, however, will form a new bond between us. During three years at this hospital, several times have the patients and attendants expressed similar appreciation of our humble efforts. Such assurances of mutual friendship, called forth in permanent form, by thrilling and terrible events, will give us all strength for civil life, when the dangers and duties of soldiers have ceased.

Sincerely Your Friend,
JAMES MARSHALL.

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DISCOURSE.

THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL IS SLAIN UPON THY HIGH PLACES: HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE:

2nd Saml., 1st chap., 19th & 25th vs.

AND DEVOUT MEN CARRIED STEPHEN TO HIS BURIAL AND MADE GREAT LAMENTATION OVER HIM.

Acts, 8th chap., 2nd v.

We need select no special passages from the Bible to express our grief when afflicted, or our horror when injured. God's word speaks unmistakably, from Genesis to Revelation, of the value of sympathy, and of the guilt of crime. Every page either breathes the fragrance of the one, or flashes the condemnation of the other.

We have chosen the words of lamentation and grief, for our hearts to-day throb heavily at the portals of the tomb. The President of the Nation has fallen. There lies one dead in every house. For four long, full, historic years we have been sitting in the shadow of death, but never so sadly as now.

Glance over rebellious States, and what immense numbers of martyred heroes ridge the Southern plains and hill-sides. David's mournful elegy over the fallen of his people forms our heart-wail: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." Now, at the head of that glorious throng of dead heroes, we must place the name of imperishable record—Abraham Lincoln—who fell also a martyr to human liberty. When robed with integrity in motive, and with mercy in action, as a great Nation's leader, representative and saviour, treachery and cowardice, Joab-like, struck for Treason and Slavery. The trembling wires sent stunning shocks into

soul-chambers ecstatic with joy over dawning peace,—Abraham Lincoln had been murdered by the pistol-shot of an assassin! Oh! horrible! horrible! Wail on ye orphaned people,—"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle." Millions had gone in heart and head with our Chief Magistrate through four years of most gigantic trials, and every secular and sacred rostrum was just toning the public heart to follow him in a grand song of magnanimous triumph, when songs of victory are minored to grief inexpressible. But God's ways are not man's ways. We bow to His inscrutable Providence. Let us review the life-work of our lamented friend and father, let us memoralize his goodness and greatness, and while bearing his sacred ashes amid weeping millions to their last resting place on the Illinois prairie, let us so stamp our affection for our second Washington upon the nation and the world, that the historian of

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when recording the funeral honors of our martyr President, will but speak for the mourning myriads as the Holy Evangelist wrote of the first christian martyr—"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him."

Our Nation began to mourn when Slavery armed for battle—when this desolater of national integrity dishonored the old flag floating over Sumter in 1861. Grief and gladness have since then risen and fallen like tide-waves—sometimes the bolt would cleave to the ocean-depths of sorrow, again the spray of the crest-rising joy would kiss the stars. For four eventful years disaster has depressed and warned; then triumph has cheered, but justice of the cause and hope in the triumph of truth at last have kept us firmly pressing onward to peace. Mark the progress. A three thousand mile chain of sea-girt battlements have surrendered to loyal blows. Immeasurable territorial expanse seized by traitors has been swept by the sirocco blasts of war until loyalty has sown and peace is preparing to reap. We have waded through treas-

ure and blood till we were rejoicing in President Lincoln's first inaugural promise. We had seen broken the military power of the Rebellion. We had seen irresistible and invincible loyal hosts converging from all points of the compass, through valleys and across mountain ranges, bearing aloft on their banners the signal vow that the citadel of the Rebellion must fall, or its defences be sandalled and girdled with the loyal slain. We saw Richmond fall. We saw the eternal infamy of foul treason gleaming through the smoke of her charred ruins. We saw myriads of Southern people, with no heart in rebellion, delivered from a military despotism unparalleled in the annals of time. We saw the graves of tens of thousands extending from the gates of the doomed city far away to Washington, Antietam and Gettysburg on the north, to Fortress Monroe and Carolina coasts on the south-east, to the Atlantic slopes of the Alleghanies on the south, to the Mississippi valleys on the west—all around the enfortressed den of traitors and their civil and military strength, we saw lying the unburied bones and rising the obscure graves of myriads slain valliantly fighting for Liberty and Nationality. The avalanche onset of the long fighting, mustering, strengthening, conquering loyal hosts, organized by the mighty energies of the War Department of the Nation and directed by the central mind of the Chief Magistrate, had crushed the rebellion, made prisoners its armies, scattered its leaders into flights and fastnesses, and from the city whose capture had cost so much blood and treasure, the President of the Nation had foreshadowed unparalleled magnanimity toward the insurgent enemies to bring peace to the whole people. Yes, peace was dawning upon a redeemed, renewed, and free Nation; great and just plans were tasking the energies of that great and just and generous soul; the Nation was asserting its dignity and grandeur by mountain-surges of joy dashing in unspeakable gladness against the battered walls of Fort Sumter over whose recaptured ruins was rising. amid shouts of glad hearts, thunders of artillery, and emblems of military and naval strength, and

triumph, the same old flag, by the same true hand that first was forced to lower it to treason in '61, to become the martial shroud over the grave of a loyalty from which have risen, during four years of trial and triumph, a beauty, and glory, and Liberty, and a Union that will live forever—then, on that consecrated day of our Lord's Crucifixion, and the new anniversary of our Nation's redemption from treason and slavery—April 14th 1865—while, on the one hand, *History* at Sumter, filled the Nation with joy, and robed it in garments of thanksgiving,—on the other hand, *Tragedy*, at the Capital, plunged it into the deepest grief,—stunning, inexpressible grief—caused business to lock its doors, close its shutters, cease its hurry, filled the streets with mourners, paralyzed Worldiness, crowded the sanctuaries with worshippers, changed the trappings of triumph into the habiliments of woe, the songs of victory into the dirges of grief, draped the drooping starry flag, and clothed the Nation in sack-cloth and silence,—all were stunned, horrified, agonized, groping for relief, strong men staring in silence and tears into each others faces, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, swelling in concert the chorus of lamentation and gloom,—all instinctively bowing in supreme devotion to Almighty Providence, who doeth all things wisely. Our Chief Magistrate was dead—our country's savior was murdered in Washington—the great, the good, the wise, the just, the merciful man,—Abraham Lincoln,—the people's friend, the slave's emancipator, America's truest and most glorious representative, humanity's pride—having lived a life stamped with the spirit of his own immortal words—"With malice towards none, and charity to all"—this great head and savior of our Republic had been slain, cowardly, treacherously slain, by an assassin! The wretch did not murder Abraham Lincoln because he was unjust or a tyrant, but through vengeance that hellish treason had been defeated. He tried to assassinate the American people and their dearest rights by assassinating their almost unanimously chosen leader and representative and truest friend, after they had

tried him in the stormiest history of nations, and found him faithful and competent, and honest and just. Oh! why this terrible affliction? Why this personal as well as National grief? Are we dumb to God's great controversy with us? Do we sit, Pharaoh-like, 'mid obduracy and death, unheeding both promise and threatening? Are we going to wrong the enslaved, rob him of his birth-rights, and let the traitor and the tyrant go free? But God's purposes are wise and just. They will prevail. We bow to Heaven's decrees. We acknowledge over the lifeless corpse of our murdered, though martyr President—"God alone is great!" Let us accept and appropriate the chastisement to the attainment of life's hardest lesson—

"Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,—
Thy will be done."

In giving relief to our hearts to-day, burdened and weighed down as they are by the terrible calamity that has befallen us, we assume four propositions to illustrate the source and character of the grief that runs like a river, deep and silent beneath our National happiness.

I. The sacrifices of treasure and blood demanded from the people to preserve the Nation against the ingratitude and crime of traitors, who inaugurated the war to overthrow the United States Government.

David's history, before he wrote his elegy on the death of the slain of Israel, was fraught with wisdom. His life was filled with the recurring scenes of sun-shine and cloud, light and darkness, joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity. He sought to bring his family to live in the spirit of Joshua—"as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." But pride, arrogance, envy, jealousy, rebellion, every foul thing of perdition was in his household. However wise his plans, unselfish his purposes, magnanimous his rule, unflinching his integrity, fervent his prayers, still there would arise a Cain or a mocking Ishmael, or a profane Esau, or a Judas, or a persecuting Saul to kill, lay waste, and plunge into

grief. Yet he was kind and magnanimous. He loved his people, loved liberty, loved his enemies, loved his God. He could not punish. He shrank from severity. He would not slay Saul, the old King, when hidden by the wayside from his pursuing vengeance, but he clipped off a strip from Saul's garment as he passed. His life was in David's hands, but mercy triumphed. So when our Nation was mild, and infinitely light in its rule, yet pride and rebellion run riot in the national household. Cains, and Ishmaels, and Esaus, and Judases struck hands to rule or ruin. Our lamented President begged and promised and besought these impious traitors to be loyal and just. "In your hands" said he, "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it." Sublime were his words of merciful refrain, even while leading men in high position were listening, yet secretly planning the overthrow of our most sacred rights. Some were drilling their forces for carnage, while others were remaining in power to learn this untried President's policy, that it might the more easily be nullified. Yet to them and their infamous accomplices he said, before issuing a single order from the Executive desk,—"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." His prophecy on March 4th, 1861, has been fulfilled, but hundreds of fresh battle-fields have filled up history and consecrated the broad land to the most sacred Union, so that the better angels of our nature, developed and disclosed by the shock of war, are beginning to strike

memory's mystic chords that will for ages, we trust, swell the chorus of a freer, nobler, stronger Union. Although the President made his affecting appeal to men whom the Government had only educated and honored, yet they schemed and pressed on in Treason. Opposing principles were at work. The conflict *was* irrepressible. Rebels and loyalists crossed swords to settle the country's destiny,—one struck for independence and slavery, the other met the shock with firmness to preserve its own. One party forced war upon the country to destroy it, the other accepted the war to save it. Rebels disowned their own legal offspring. They had always been in power. The laws were their own. Perjury gave impetus to treason and theft of Federal property organized treason into aggression. Mustering millions deployed for battle, and O! how the beauty of Israel has been slain upon the Gilboa mountains of the Union! What lights have gleamed out on the midnight gloom from homes of the first-born slain. Rachels have wept for their slaughtered children, mothers have listened for the return of their captured heroes, whose prisons became charnal houses of starvation and death. And while the bereaved and anxious waited in silent anguish for the home-returns, their spirits would conquer the sorrow-stricken frames, only to meet, we trust, in a better home-return the spirits of the captives released from the cruelty of Southern prisons by the starvation system or the dead-line shots. Many Jacobs during the war have also cried—"Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." How many Jacobs are to-day weighed down with grief, because so many sons and brothers, Joseph, Simeon and Benjamin, have fallen in this war for freedom. Widowhood and orphanage stand in weeds as warnings against undervaluing sacrifices. They plead for justice to the loyal, not for fellowship with treason. They are badges of national friendship, out-growing from the blood of martyrs, not of sympathy for misplaced mercy and outraged justice. Gilded treason does not offset the most

obscure loyalty. When I see preference given to our life-long murderers, when the luxuries of the land fill their board at loyal expense, when our own people crave the smiles and fear the frowns of those demanding a premium for their treasonable crimes, surely we must tremble, when we reflect that God is just and his justice cannot sleep forever. Our humblest private is a king to the most distinguished assassin of the Nation. He belongs to the nobility of patriotism. Some one mourns his sufferings or his death. Affliction, on his account, may be unrecognized because it proceeds from some hovel-home, yet it mingles with the general grief over a Mitchell, a Wadsworth, a Sedgwick, or the President, whose blood has sealed the cause of the century, and helps swell the deep dark tide of National grief.

But not death alone has called forth sacrifices such as no Nation ever before displayed to sustain its integrity and honor. Treasures untold have rolled into the general support. Industry has plied every invention to make its touch, like that of Midas, golden. Sacred house-hold relics, the last gift from a dying parent, the antique though well-used Bible,—the choice heirlooms of the family ancestry—all have gone to bring comforts to the absent heroes. Both rich and poor have tied thus their heart-strings to many battle-fields and couches of suffering. Treasures of all, like ever-recurring showers, have formed the grand river of benevolence, on whose surface, floating and singing, were the sons and daughters of affliction. Big emotions and many tears have arisen from their fruits of toil, and accompanied their heir-looms of home which they have sent on the sacred mission. The only openings in these dark war-clouds of grief are the dawning hopes of a country saved, renewed, purified, free—a country passionately loved by a Chief just crowned with the glory of martyrdom—a Chief who inflexibly plead her cause against the frowns of the world—a Chief whom God specially endowed as the Moses to lead us through the wilderness to the land of peace. But blinded and appalled and crushed with grief and horror were they when they heard he

was murdered, while all were basking in the sun-beams of exalted triumph. Extinguish the dazzling noon-day sun with a puff, and not greater would seem the shock. Every household is shrouded in woe,—civilized nations will be appalled. Rebellion, frenzied and fiendish by defeat in merciful triumph, records its guilt more deeply for historic execration, by hiring assassins to climax its category of crimes against humanity in basely murdering this friend and father of millions of freemen. Oh! the imperishable infamy of the dramatic murderous cowardice that dishonored the motto of dishonored Virginia. It is well that the basest criminal with the basest accomplices of the nineteenth century met his death of wonderful retributive justice within her borders. The tragedy would want completion had not a retributive Providence struck him down while fleeing for refuge to the fugitive chiefs of the rebellion. God grant that those leading assassins may be caught; then, in the words of Jefferson Davis in the Senate on John Brown, while advocating his execution for his Harper's Ferry raid—"who would seek to dull the sword of justice in favor of him whose crime connects with it all that is most abhorrent to humanity, the violation of every obligation to the social compact, the laws, the Constitution, the requirements of public virtue and personal honor?" We can but commiserate this murderous tool of the slave-power, and deepen our hatred of that barbarous despotism, that massacred in cold blood the citizens of Lawrence, that burned negroes at Fort Pillow, that hung by wholesale North Carolina Unionists, that fired Northern hotels filled with helpless women and children, that starved to death, after robbing of all money and decent clothes, 60,000 unarmed and powerless prisoners, that sealed its eternal infamy by the assassination of one of the wisest and best friends of the human race. Where is chivalry? Where is manhood? Where is that long boasted honor? Where is civilized warfare? Our sacrifices to save our Nation are teaching us the elements of our weakness. We have freely given the flower of our youth and manhood to the most sa-

cred cause. The blood of our noble leader must flow before the sacrifice to human liberty is complete. Let loyalty be draped,—a great patriot has fallen in the midst of the battle. Let the people weep,—they have lost a trusted friend. The Nation's grief is eloquent,—its great heart to-day is swollen with sighs, and broken with sobs.

II. But not simply personal and public sacrifices have made us mourn, but we grieve with shame over *the crimes latent in American life, which this war has developed.*

When we dwell on our sins, nearly all flow through that dark labyrinth of wrong—Human Slavery. Other besetting sins exist, but this deap-seated crime outstrips all in its atrocious enormities. Daily we are shocked and stunned at the deeds of its advocates. Our legislative history has a tyrant in it, whose culmination in decision was robbing a black man of all manhood as in the Dred Scott case, and whose climax in effort to usurp power was expressed in inaugurating a new Government by overthrowing an old one, on purpose to fortify and perpetuate it. That effort has failed through giant struggles and the most sacred and costly sacrifices. We knew long since that its defenders were adepts with bowie knives and revolvers. In a country professedly free, there was the deepest despotism and greatest exclusion or most menial silence on the part of its opposers. Its influence has scarred all our pages with injustice and outrage. It has kept the white masses in ignorance and made them the tools of the educated tyrants. I make exceptions to all classes, but the fact is historical that the undeceived lower classes and the true men of the highest intelligence and loyalty have been kept in the minority so completely that tyrants and slaves have been the prominent classes. The former of these have moulded Southern history and shaped public sentiment at the National Capital, and clouded the whole land with its influence. When a Senator was brutally clubbed for freedom of speech, the South Carolina Brooks was publicly applauded and re-elected by his people as a test of approval. The whole press sanctioned this act, and hence the reading

masses were educated to sanction a violence the Christian world condemned. That blow was not fatal, yet the design was as murderous as the attack upon Secretary Seward. It was universally approved. That fact is the key to the Rebellion and all its infamy. The effect of Slavery is to usurp conscience and sway reason to choose any device to gain its end. It seems to paralyze all moral sensibility, to ignore all heart-sanctities, and to justify success however barbarously gained. Hence the daily unfolding of its guilt in the lives of its devotees. We knew nothing of it till God afflicted us with this war. Now we behold its sins reach to Heaven against us for our long complicity in its gigantic wrongs. God's justice has wrung out redress for grievances against his oppressed. How deep and grand and exalted President Lincoln's faith in God's dealing for righteousness in this scourge of war, when he says in his last inaugural—"If God wills that this scourge of civil war continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago; so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Retributive justice herein shown where blood drawn by the lash must be atoned for by blood drawn by the sword, explains the cause of our troubles. The citadel of slavery has been assaulted, it has surrendered to war's iron legions, and Oh! what disclosures line the last four eventful years. Let the historian catalogue Calcutta "Black Holes," French Bastiles, and Spanish Inquisitions,—but what names will read on the middle of the nineteenth century like Libby Dungeon, Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, Saulsbury, Millen, Andersonville,—all will be synonymous with cruelty, starvation, misery, death. How our soldiers suffered and died at the hands of the minions of the slave power, without the religious press or the pulpit South raising a voice only to justify it! But the roll of myriads of martyrs must be completed and honored in God's good provi-

dence by the murder of Abraham Lincoln, by a hired assassin, who first left on record his conviction of the justice of Slavery and his sympathy with any means to perpetuate it or avenge its death. But despite these years of terrible war, we have men yet who gloss this crime, excuse its existence, and council caution against irritation of these "misguided and erring brethren." While mourning in the deep shadow of the greatest crime of the age, we must be careful we don't offend somebody! Away with such flunkyism. We have been despised because of our weakness and doughface submission to these lordly behests. For years they have despised and cudgelled us, now they have arisen to assassinate us! Let us have a display of manhood that will command respect from savages. God's Divine interposition prevented too bitter a cup at once. The plot was for anarchy by assassinating the President, Vice President, Lieutenant General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State; thus preventing the calling of an election for a new ruler; but it failed, and as a result we have strength and order intensified, instead of ruin. Let us thank God and rejoice in our form of government as the most flexible, powerful and best. Let us have irritation of this great crime of Slavery until it is dug up by the roots and destroyed. Agitation gives light, and intelligence gives strength, Attrition removes the crusty filth and reveals the gem. The deep waters are purified by their mighty upheavals. So the people are enlightened and elevated by passing through these fiery ordeals. But some will not see the dark deeds of this evil. Even experience in a Southern prison does not break up hereditary prejudice. Rebels must give us another dose of cruelty. After systematic starvation and murder have failed to destroy the cause of equal rights, a rebel surgeon must carefully collect infected yellow fever clothing at Bermuda to ship to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston "to destroy the masses" by pestilence, as the other means had failed. Truly God is holding a controversy with us. He is braying us in the mortar of His Providence.

We had fought every phase of rebellion, we supposed; we had been victorious at a great cost; we had at last, under the guide of him whose heart was all goodness and greatness, most magnanimously overlooked all,—counting bygones as bygones, hailing the dawn of goodwill and brotherly love again on a new basis and a more thorough acquaintance; we were watching with thrills of joy the skyward shooting signals of victory from all homes in the Nation. We were listening with feelings of awe to shaking, thundering salvos of joy; we were catching the poetic genius and vigorous thought and feelings of mercy that were flowing from the pens of the great and the learned; we were retracing in dressed armor the pathway through battle and victory to peace—when lo! the Nation's heart was pierced. Its walls were like a cemetery hung with the emblems of grief, vain-glory was wrenched from our exulting sky, and there flashed forth through the boundless gloom the words of Him to whom be all honor and glory and praise,—"Be still,—and know that I am God."

Why should the rebels murder this most merciful friend they had without cause? Yet this crime and kindred ones have been planned and publicly advocated since November 1860. The whole press South, without rebuke from the pulpit, have offered a price for this man's head. A corrupt spmpathy North, guilty and almost infernal in its silence or its blatant unbelief in the possibility of such deeds by the chivalry, has echoed the Southern sentiment in such words as "buffoon," "ape," "monster," "usurper," and "tyrant." The very fact that Northern sympathy was permitted thus to talk was proof against their infamous slanders. Had he been a usurper, why did the people choose him with such unanimity? Had he been a tyrant, why were not our prisons filled with such criminals as have urged on to the commission of this deed against the American people? Truly a civilization that can palliate such iniquity as this Rebellion has inaugurated and practiced, needs reform or eradication. It is civilization apostatized—civilization without the moral

forces of the age that elevate and ennoble. It is Christianity without Christ. God has brought us to see our national sins as we never saw them before. Our covenant with such monstrosity against humanity must be broken. Because we have justified slavery under the Constitution, we are suffering God's judgments. Human rights underlie Constitutions. We are told this evil is dead. Let us not be deceived. It only slumbers. Even loyal States refuse to accept the logic of the war, or the decisions of God's Providence. They stand back and brace against the march of events. New Jersey, Kentucky and Delaware refuse to ratify the anti-slavery Amendment to the Constitution. Clothed with the saddest wo, as we are to-day, this grief will sting their future sons with shame because their fathers were wallowing in the depths of our National corruption. All the traitors North and South will not justify the deeds this Rebellion has disclosed. We grant that the destruction of the masses by yellow-fever infection and clandestine burning of steamboats, and cruelty to prisoners, and assassination are not conceived or encouraged as just by many that are in arms against us, yet they could have raised a voice against such barbarities. The almost deified and Northern-lionized rebel chieftain, Lee, could not have daily known and seen the miseries and deaths by brutal treatment of our poor starved patriots of those Richmond "hells," had he been so great and good. His word was law. Why did he not exercise it? Why did not he and the Southern pulpit enter their protests in the face of Heaven against the barbarities of the dark ages? That protest to-day, were there one, would relieve this Rebellion, in the eyes of the civilized world, of much that must now forever stigmatize it with crimes unparalleled in the history of any warfare. Although individuals may be right, yet the spirit that is either silent or justifies such enormities, will find tools for any measure. Just conceive of that plot to destroy the masses of our Northern cities! An educated Samaritan, as physicians are supposed to be, from the very nature of their pro-

fession, turned into a devil, placing woolen cloths around feverish sufferers and hastening their deaths, in order to infect the goods with which to spread pestilence and death among the innocent masses! All this done by commissioned rebel officers, and paid for by Confederate bonds! Then again, think of the plot, the execution of a part of which plunged us into such grief for the death of so world-wide honored and great a man as was President Lincoln. A plot planned in Canada by once leading office-holders of the National Government, and approved by the rebel chiefs in Richmond, to assassinate all the prominent officers at Washington by cool and stragetic and deeply-laid secret plans! Such is official announcement after thorough investigation. Truly we need scourging to purify us. Out of the depths of our character will flow the means of our salvation. Revolutions lay waste, but their assuaging is followed by purity and peace. We trust present developments may make us watchful and honest and earnest to be just. "We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness, and the iniquity of our fathers." "Lo! the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart." "Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."

III. But the immediate and poignant source of the Nation's grief to-day, is *the murder of our beloved President*, Abraham Lincoln. We had learned to love that man. We more than believed in him, trusted him, admired his wisdom and integrity. We *loved* him. He had that indescribable *something*, called a *great and good heart*, that fastened the people to him—that inwrought his life and existence with their sympathies and affections.

No man ever came to the head of the Nation as President under such trials and difficulties. The hopes of millions then rested in the folds of the old flag, which South Carolina had dishonored. Secession was ruin, yet openly advocated; and

treason lurked all through official channels. The new, untried, inexperienced, and awkward President was despised by whole States of traitors. The people who chose him constitutionally loved his principles, while many who opposed him loved the Government he represented. Both were one in its support, though differing justly in political views, and were full of anxiety. Apologists for Secession and Treason were everywhere, at home and abroad. What a Herculean task to cleanse the Augean stables and save the Republic. The people had assigned to him a duty, and he brought the energies of a clear and honest mind, sustained by a sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of Right, to its performance. Deeply impressed with the necessity of Divine support, he spent, like Havelock, from one to two hours each morning in reading God's word and prayer. He took a firm place in the people's heart the moment the telegraph flashed over the country his last request to his neighbors at Springfield, when, in view of coming duties greater than since Washington's time, he wanted they should pray for him. The Nation took up that request with a hearty "amen," and no man has been borne to the Throne of Grace more frequently and fervently than Abraham Lincoln.

In his public life, one signal mark of his greatness is the universal confidence and respect he has received from the greatest men of the Nation. He selected as his advisers some of the strongest men in all departments of the Government. They were men of culture, of great acquisitions, of large experience and of signal ability. He choose such men for proper places, and he has secured their admiration of him as a man and a statesman, and has used them to build anew the walls of a great Nation. His Cabinet officers, his Generals in the field, and his ministers at Foreign Courts are the most distinguished men of the age, as their labors testify, yet President Lincoln has stood among them all—admired for his ability, loved for his kindness, trusted for his integrity, and reverenced for his sublime devotion to duty and his deep faith in the overruling providence of God. That he should

thus secure and retain the ever-growing love and labor and admiration of the greatest men of the time for over four years of the most stormy trials that ever afflicted nations, stamps him as one of the greatest, if not the *grand human colossus* of the age.

Then his relation to the people was peculiar. He sprung from the poorest class. His family belonged to the true nobility of the industrious poor. Difficulties in his life were spurs to his native genius. Cradled in poverty, schooled in self-reliant efforts, ambitious to recognize true excellence, his life-struggle was eloquent with sympathy for the people. He was a true representative of American self-reliance issuing in the truest success. When honored by the people, he knew how to educate them in public affairs. His practical common sense, his lucid reasoning, his every-day illustrations drawn from common experience, made his State papers plain and intelligible to the masses, stripped from his opponents all sophistry and "pernicious obstraction," and thoroughly acquainted the people who supported the Government with its practical operations. He also threw a warm heart and a genial humor into all his correspondence and public records that drew the people to him in the confidence of children for a father. So the humblest home was enlightened and cheered in their country's cause and brought near to him chosen as their leader. Nearly all families had made sacrifices for that country which they knew he loved and most unselfishly toiled and prayed to save. Every house had some one in the war. Hence his heart was tied in patriotic love to all households, and filial tenderness, developed in trial, flowed like a river of love to his great heart, weighed down with its sacred burden.

Again, he was a friend to humanity. He was opposed to slavery from principle, but opposed to interfering with it in the States until the Rebellion forced the necessity, to save the Union. He moved with the people and watched God's Providence. He did not shrink from his duty when the time came to perform it. He has carved his name on this age in

consequence as "The Great Emancipator." Millions of the world wonder and admire. So deep his faith, so sublime his convictions in God's providential decisions, and so inflexible his purposes, and firm his positions when once taken, that his course through history is one of the highest moral grandeur. He closely studied events, and used defeats as beacons to show him the right, until he struck, in this war, the rock—EMANCIPATION. Then God was with him. Then the prayers of all God's children, slave and free, were with him. Since then, successive events have formed steps onward and upward, on which he has moved to glory immortal. He appeared not as a meteor—a momentary blaze, then gone; but his career has been like a growing sun, whose splendor will shine down the ages as a beacon to lead millions to seek the activities of a higher and better life. During his hard and sad career, though strong in the strength of his cause, he had occasion for depression but never for despair. His heart-burden was the delivery of his country from civil war. On God, he said, he rolled his country's cause. With faith in the ultimate triumph of truth he stood sublimely amid wreck and ruin. Four years he was our standard-bearer. Again the people, the army and navy—all joined their decision to have his experience carry us through the storm. He was successful. Flood-lights of victory blazed along the sky; rebellion fell by his blows, his policy unchanged—no disunion, no slavery, no armistice, and unconditional submission to the rightful authority. "Amen and amen," cried the army and people. Abraham Lincoln rose in humanity and magnanimity as he rose to the triumphs of peace. He saw the military despotism crushed and its power broken. He entered its fallen Capital, not as a conquerer only as he overcame the hostility in the heart to a long-proud and sinning people, but as a merciful deliverer from the miseries of delusion and oppression. He entered not at the head of his army in magnificent triumph; his mission was one of mercy. He had done his work. He was standing on the National Nebo. His life had rounded

up most beautifully. The Nation and the world had crowned him with "great in goodness and good in greatness." Full with charity to all, and with malice towards none, was his heart, while the people's joy was boundless. But his life yet must mingle in the sacrifice to bring peace to the Nation, justice to its enemies, eternal infamy to their cause, success to the right and the moral sympathy of civilized Nations with the historic struggle of the Republic to preserve its life and substantiate the promise of humanity. What a change! Joyful trappings wreathed at once with emblems of grief inexpressible. States and cities and hamlets and homes dressed in sepulchral gloom. Business still, and the streets full of mourners. The President was dead, dead, dead! The noble, the humble, the great was dead! He has been murdered by an assassin! From thoughts fixed upon a merciful amnesty for the guilty, deluded and oppressed, he is at once delivered into God's eternal rest. He has gone beyond his country's trials. This universal wail of a grief-stricken people will not reach him. How brief is life, how fleeting earthly honors, how vain is all but hope in mercy of God.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud—
Like a swift-fleeting meteor,—a fast flying cloud—
A flash of the lightening—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave."

These familiar words of this noble martyr was by none more deeply felt and realized than by him. But he is dead. Like lightning he passed from life to his grave. Yesterday, strong, vigorous in his work, a world gazing with awe upon his majestic march through history, to-day, cold in death! Yesterday, his work done—Rebellion crushed, Slavery abolished, Union restored,—to-day, cold in death! Yesterday, his lips flowing with mercy and good will to his enemies, to-day, cold in death! Yesterday, a Nation wild with joy, to-day, a Nation bending in grief with its heart lacerated by the murder of its Chief!

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence
Yet clearest of ambitious crime."

A friend of humanity has fallen. Weep ye that love your

country,—that love liberty,—that rejoice in the dignity and nobility of labor—weep for the death of Abraham Lincoln. O thou grand and glorious spirit—living we loved thee, dead we cherish thy memory. All men wail thy departure. The rich will rear thee monuments of marble,—the poor will give thee monuments of affectionate hearts. Thou hast wrapped thyself around the Nation's heart in the habiliments of greatness and goodness. Let now those better angels of our nature welcome thee to the Spirit-land, where thy soul may bathe in the effulgence of the Eternal Throne, and through the ages may drink of the river of celestial love. Our noble martyr President suffered much for us and for the world. But now he belongs to the race. He will live with us in what he has done for us. He traversed the dreary mountains of toil and martyrdom to gather into Freedom's folds the remnants of Jehovah's tribes. How the wild weird wail of the negro will help swell the chorus of lamentation over his death. He was their friend and Emancipator. How their hearts thrill with gratitude to God that Abraham Lincoln broke their chains. But not only the slave has wept with joy, but his outgushing love for our dead President has often overwhelmed his great heart while he turned aside and wept. Not simply the freed African and the poor American will mourn, but the Alpine Swiss home, the Italian villa, the German cottage, and the Irish hut, will be draped in black and sound with the wail of woe,—all who love and long for freedom everywhere have learned to know and love Abraham Lincoln. As the song of sorrow from our anguished hearts die away upon the Western plains and linger sadly towards the Pacific slopes, we shall hear flowing in from Europe one long deep dirge of grief and sympathy and praise for the death of this great American martyr to Human Liberty.

IV. It is not necesssary to cite as an evidence, but only refer as a fact of our National grief, *to the funeral ceremonies now transpiring in the land.* Our leader fell in the midst of the battle, and the people, while carrying him to

his burial, are making great lamentation over him. Business has been stayed and a solemn Sabbath of grief has prevailed for weeks. But—

"Let the Nation weep
As they bear the martyr
To his last long sleep."

The atmosphere still trembles with solemn rolls of minute guns and plaintive chimes of tolling bells. The flag draped still droops midway full of many sighs—grief-stricken mourners are everywhere. There lieth one dead in every house—from the Executive Mansion to the lowliest slave-hut in the South.

If our martyr President's re-election was a sublime confidence in his wisdom and fidelity, then the involuntary outgushing tributes of love from all sources is another sublime fact that will inhere in history, as his great virtues, ingrafted into American character, develop into the joys of liberty and love. What a triumphant march crowns him on his way to his burial! How changed from four years since, when he reached the Capital in disguise to save his country. With the help of God and loyal bayonets and wise counsels he did save it. His own blood sealed its salvation. He returns to his home like a mighty conquerer, known and honored to the ends of the earth. While the whole country leave their work and rush to behold the passing pageant, and cast flowers of affection upon his bier, cities and States are truly his pall bearers, the greatest of the Nation are his guard of honor, millions in silence with uncovered heads crowd the shrouded pathway, hung with drooping mourning emblems, and myriad choral voices chant dirges, whose grand melody, reverberating through the draped dome of the National mausoleum, seems like music from the eternal world, welcoming home the spirit of the great departed. What a tribute this, to exalted worth and virtuous fidelity! If this mournful though grand pageant flatter not the eye and ear of death, it shows that the people *can* appreciate exalted virtue in their rulers. Never in any land was there such a mourning procession, and such swelling tides of grief. Never

did villages, cities, workshops, and homesteads pour out the evidences of love; and, as the tomb cast forward toward the West its deep shadows, never did such myriad hands reach forth to receive the sacred ashes of their lamented President. God grant that this baptism of sorrow may consecrate anew our Nation to the principles for which he gave his life, until we shall be purged of the elements that breed assassins, tyrants and slaves. But our President is dead!

"Pause now and weep—
Weep for the Chieftain just dropped from your side—
Nobly he toiled with you, nobly he died;
Ye may search for his like as long years circle round,
But a loftier spirit will never be found—
Pause now and weep!

"Chaunt the sad dirge—
Mid silence and sadness the sweet strains will rise
Like flower breathing incense to him in the skies.
Chaunt the sad dirge."

Now, my dear friends, why all this grief, this outgushing sorrow of the people,—this sacrifice for our country? It has its high and holy lessons. On April 19th, the anniversary of the first blood shed for the Union in this war, the anniversary of Lexington battle of Revolutionary history—the birth-day of political and civil liberty—on April 19th, 1865, henceforth hallowed with sacred memories, this whole Nation, by Heaven's proclamation, bent in solemn obsequies over the mortal remains of our late President. On April 19th, when a vast funeral cortege was moving up Broadway, New York, to the muffle-drum-beats for the noble dead, a large clock with fingers pointed to 7–22, the precise moment when President Lincoln breathed his last. On March 4th preceding, he stood before the world most sublimely in that religious inaugural, while the sun-light through the rifted clouds kissed his forehead in recognition of his deep faith there expressed in the God of Justice, whose righteousness will not cover the earth as the waters the sea, until the oppressed go free. He seemed, so high his position and so great the events of his four years' career, he seemed like God's embassador to preach to the civilized world through their ministers around him there assembled, the Gospel of

Human Liberty. "And when *these things begin to come to pass*, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." God's people met from 12 to 1 that day to pray he might be the great instrument to crush Rebellion, to restore the Union, to establish justice, and to bring peace. How soon that time-piece marked the answer to our prayers. All had been done through his agency, but the work was not complete until the people were united as one man, and the civilized world compelled to acknowledge the crime of the Rebellion and the justice of the National cause, by one last great act in the bloody drama—the fiendish assassination of the President himself!

1. Let us then learn from this crime the justice of our cause and the wickedness of treason. "The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church"; so the blood of our President will cement the bonds of our Union, and strike terror into the hearts of the traitorous fiend that dare raise his hand to sever the sacred ties. We rest now in the justice of our cause. Never so deeply did we feel this inspiration. Rebellion sealed its doom by this act so long plotted and discussed in the Rebel Confederacy. When Rebellion gave gold to the assassin to spread consternation among loyal masses and send divisions into their camps that would raise clamor against the war, it only sent "Judas to his own place," and brought unity and redemption out of murder. Party lines are lost in the surges of grief that roll over the land. The mercy rising in all hearts has given away to one demand for simple justice. When the President was slain, the murderous blow fell on the constitutional shields against treason, and the rebound has sent weight and force to execute the law. Slavery's death-damp will no longer rust and conceal God's judgments. Give freedom and franchise to every loyal man, then from the great Martyr's grave will arise an eternal glory to the race, and to the age.

But why such a blow to teach us to be just? God willed it, else it would not have been. The President died at the right time, else still be with us. His career was complete

and glorious. He did his work. He fell on the pivot between salvation and reconstruction. God only knows what the magnanimity of his heart might have done in pacification. Dying as he did, his name without a stain, his noble record will rise in history like the tall cliff on which centuries gaze with awe and admiration. But by the memory of his great service to our bleeding country,—by the principles of Human Liberty,—by the death-wail of our starved and murdered heroes,—by the people's most precious heart-blood drawn in the martyrdom of the President, let us swear to be just to the loyal, let every soldier swear upon his sword-hilt like the Ancient Swiss, that America shall be free,—shall be purged of the very roots and seeds of Treason, then can Swiss Winklereid's epitaph be carved upon his tomb-stone—"I make way for Liberty." Thus inspired, with a prayer of justice, for loyalty and right, when the cloud of grief lifts, we shall be wiser, purer, stronger.

2. Let us learn fidelity to our country, and renewed support to her faithful rulers.

How our noble dead rules our hearts to-day from his tomb, encircled with laurel, and ivied with a nation's affections. But few public men are so thoroughly appreciated while living as President Lincoln was, yet how more gloriously his virtues crop out since his death. What a satisfaction, could the Nation have had one hour to express to him alive, their love for his great heart, and their gratitude for his great services. No! They can only do homage to his memory by adhering to his principles, defending with their lives the country he gave his life for, and enfolding within their affection his afflicted family. While we honor the dead, how deep should be our gratitude to the President's counselors. He knew his efficient friends and able officers. Hence through tirades of calumny, did he hold fast to the tried and true. His Cabinet have done the greatest work with the least praise. Not till justice speaks without prejudice, will Stanton receive credit for his mighty services in crushing this Rebellion. He has been the head for abuse

when delay or defeat marked our arms, but always omitted among the heroes when the success of the combinations of his deeply studied and magnificent plans have thrilled the nation with the very madness of joy. Justice will yet be done to the War Department of President Lincoln, whose culminating glory flows from its matchless plans and consummate execution. Stanton was both the arm and head of the nation when its heart was stunned with grief, when the acknowledged heart was stilled in death. While setting detection most wisely, as events proved, on conspirators' and murderers' paths, at the same time, through his influence and energy, in a few hours from the death of the President, our present able and loyal Chief Magistrate was sworn into power, and modestly, though firmly, was holding the reins of government. During this terrible calamity, not a *jar* occurred in the great Constitutional machinery. Truly, Republican government must be the strongest form yet tested. But its stability and harmony arise, more plainly do these events prove, from the intelligence of the people. A new era thus dawns upon our land. More firm are all—more firmly established are the wavering,—thrice armed are the loyal, for they feel their quarrel just. So God overrules human wrongs to advance human rights. While shrouded in gloom, the mysteries of Providence break forth in hope, and promises gleam through the darkness like stars on the brow of night.

3. Let us learn from this event more devotion to God's providence. How universal this devotion to-day. No official orders gathered millions at the foot of God's throne. Not a man, but is bowed like a child in tears. Not a slave, but wails the death of the great Emancipator of the 19th century. Not a hater of goodness and a sympathizer with treason but who is dumb. A few are so depraved as to disgrace the semblence of manhood in rejoicing over the event. We pity their depravity, we fear not their danger. Currents of business have turned aside to honor unselfish greatness. All instinctively exclaim—"Lo! God is in this place!"

4. But one lesson more from this great life—*the value of moral worth.*

This world is a wilderness of anxiety—a valley of tears. Sources of grief are countless. But what relief when a representative man leaves such a legacy of moral worth. Acknowledged by all as great in sympathy, in charity, generosity, in Godly fear, in all things that the humblest home appreciates, as well as great in wisdom and justice, his death becomes a personal affliction. It was also spiritual, because it mingled with our religious sacrifices when our hearts were dwelling upon One,—the example of infinite purity and worth — who was slain for our eternal good, making Good Friday a holyday in the Christian Church. Our lamented Chief was then trying to imitate the example of his blessed Master. His love of country was all-pervading—it was a passion. Her troubles were his sadness, her success was his joy. His religious faith which wrought him so closely into the religious support of the nation is most grandly exhibited in his words to a friend concerning the dark days of Gettysburg—"I rolled on Him the burden of my country, and rose from my knees lightened of my load, feeling a peace that passeth all understanding — feeling I could leave myself, my country, and my all in the hands of God."

Such sublime faith of our lamented Chieftian, running through all the channels of his life, tasks the highest images of love and greatness. That spirit made him listen to the story of fhe most obscure,—that spirit saved many valuable lives from military executions,—that spirit restored many souls from dungeons to a better life,—that spirit expressed sympathy with the humblest soldier's mind,—that spirit, also, helped him to grasp the gravest questions of Human Progress, and project himself forward as the liberator and friend of humanity,—that spirit bows the people, not to eulogize, but to mourn,—that spirit makes his place vacant in the heart of the poor cottager, and in the meetings of his Cabinet and in the counsels of his Generals,—that spirit was the

life-giving power that lifted heavenward, and spread outward the boughs of the tree of Liberty until they bent in beauty to the spray of both Oceans,—that spirit makes his death personal and national, makes our tears flow with our dirges of grief,—that spirit makes the memorable events of his high career stand out as signal waves in the future to lead twilight millions to Liberty and to God! But Lincoln is dead!

"His voice is silent in your council hall
Forever; and whatever tempests lower,
Forever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe.

* * * * * * *

Such was he: his work is done:
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

But Lincoln is dead!
"Dead? Is he dead?
The nation's own president—he, who to-day,
Lived, breathed, and acted, whose generous sway,
Won o'er the hearts of the loyal and true,
As he fought the great fight of his country all through?
Dead? Is he dead?

Tell the sad tale!
Waft it, ye night winds, from city to plain,—
Speed it, ye lightnings, from ocean to main,—
Tell to the nation, that he, their great head
By the red hand of murder lies bleeding and dead,—
Tell the sad tale!

The seal has been set.
Go bend o'er the turf where he slumbers alone,
And "Abraham Lincoln" carve on the stone;
The mortal remains turn to dust where they lie,
But the NOBLE OLD PRESIDENT NEVER CAN DIE!
The seal has been set."

APPENDIX.

In accordance with the order of Dr. E. McClellan, Assistant surgeon U. S. A., in charge of U. S. Gen'l Hospital, Fort Monroe, Va., over two thousand soldiers assembled April 19th, 1865, to celebrate the obsequies of our late President—ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The whole nation were at that hour, bowed as one heart, in grief.

The convalescents and attendants came by Wards to the public stands erected for the occasion. Each Ward sent forth in its company of patients with arms in slings, and on crutches: battle-scarred heroes hobbling to mourn the death of their best friend and Commander-in-Chief! The companies of the Veteran Reserve Corps, from both Chesapeake and Hampton Divisions, came in mourning movements, led by their commander, Lieut. Cullen. The colored troops of the 2d and 4th Divisions were also in their place in the throng, to unite their grief with the Nation over the corpse of their great Emancipator. To render more solemn this scene of assembling mourners, the muffled drum-beats, and the dirges of the Hospital Band filled the air with plaintive tones. The whole scene was most impressive.

On the temporary platform in the open air, around which were the soldier-multitude, were the Surgeon in charge and all his Medical Staff; some Officers of the army, citizens from abroad, and the Chaplains of the various Divisions of the Hospital.

The exercises on this solemn occasion were opened by a dirge from the Band, after which Chaplain Marshall, of the Chesapeake Hospital, read suitable portions of Scripture, remarking briefly upon the subject that filled all hearts with sadness, when Chaplain Billings, of the Hampton Division of the Hospital, followed in an appropriate prayer. After singing, Chaplain Raymond, of the 2d Division, followed in an address, giving a very full analysis of President Lincoln's character, and ably eulogizing his great servi-

ces to the country during the last four years of our stormy history, when Chaplain Billingsly followed in a strain similar to the previous speaker. The exercises were concluded with brief remarks and a fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Craighead, editor of the N. Y. Evangelist, just returning to New York from Richmond, where, imbibing deeper feeling of the crime of Rebellion, culminating in the death of our President, he was enabled to make us all feel the guilt of Treason and Slavery, and to inspire us with stronger purpose to honor President Lincoln's name, by unswerving devotion to the principles for which he was a Martyr.

The vast assemblage then returned to their various places in and around the Hospital, with the sorrowful ceremonies so stamped upon their hearts as to make this day ever memorable in their life's experience.

LETTER TO BATTERY 'F,' 3d P. H. A.,

Written at the request of many of our soldier-friends of the Hospital, the above Battery, and Camp Distribution, who have been at times during the war identified with the moral and religious history of this military post.

Soldiers:—In compliance with the request of many of your number, I will give a brief statement of the facts connected with the growth and present salutary influence of the religious work which you have all been instrumental in building up, systematizing, and enlarging at this place. I do this reluctantly, because the record must be somewhat personal, and also very brief,—necessarily omitting the names of so many efficient co-workers who have encouraged us under all the circumstances and changes of this peculiar life of religious labor;—and we must also omit all incidents of the greatest interest that have transpired in the Hospital, the Camp Distribution, and the Military Prisons, during the eighteen months, the last two of which have been under the direction of your efficient and worthy Commander, Captain John A. Blake.

Chesapeake Seminary Building, standing alone on the Roadstead two miles north of the Fort, presents with its long white front of tall columns and high dome, a most majestic appearance to travelers passing over the Bay, across to Norfolk or up the James River. War knows no rule but necessity to meet its demands, so this institution of learning having been variously appropriated for

Head Quarters and Regimental hospital purposes since the spring of 1861, was organized into a U. S. General Hospital in March 1862, by Dr. John M. Cuyler, Medical Director at Old Point. The coming and going of surgeons and patients and attendants since then have been like the tide-waves, breaking upon the beach at the base of the main building and the star-barrack wings on either side and nearer the water. The location is beautiful and healthy apart from simple acclimation necessary to nearly all strangers. No one remains now who was here at the opening of the Hospital, exeept the Direetress, Mrs. M. B. Dully, who came from the Hygeia Hospital at the Fort where she had been since June of 1861. She eame with Dr. Cuyler as Medical Director and Dr. McCay as Surgeon in Charge, when thousands of sick fever patients were thrown into these unfurnished wards from McClellan's army moving up the Peninsula, when supplies were scarce, and the sympathies and energies of the benevolent were taxed to the utmost to minister to the suffering lying everywhere, in halls, passage-ways, on floors, on the ground, on straw,—from basement to garret, and everywhere outside where a board or tent cover could shield them from the incessant rains of that spring. What a contrast those privations bear to the present advantages. The Sanitary system has progressed as well as the Military to meet war's stern demands. But through these years of trial and ehange Mrs. Dully has remained here, at the head of the internal economy of the Hospital for the comfort of the sick and wounded, always gathering around her ladies for the heads of the kitchens, linen rooms, and wards, whose names will be inseparable with the history of the hospital, on account of their zeal and co-operative efficiency in providing for the eomfort and restoration of the helpless and the suffering. Both in temporal arrangements and religious efforts for the benefit of the soldiers, she has always taken the most lively interest, (as the immense supplies she has received from Pittsburg for the linen and store rooms, and the gathering of Library and building Chapel in 1863 testify) to give eneouragement and health, and home-like feeling to all who have been brought to this Hospital. The faet of her long and efficient service at this place will justify this referenee without her permission or knowledge.

When I was assigned by President Lincoln to this Hospital as

Chaplain soon after it opened in 1862, through the kind influence of letters from Hon. E. W. Leavenworth and Hon. C. B. Sedgwick and Rev. Dr. Gurley, there was neither Library nor Chapel, nor means for securing the advantages of either. Our available religious privileges were personal interviews from cot to cot, writing letters, taking messages, getting heart-histories, pointing out God's kind providence in all—so cheering to lonely sufferers. Impromptu prayer-meetings from room to room, ward to ward, and tent to tent, soon changed that ice-berg prejudice that met all stranger Chaplains in the early part of the war, into warm, genial friendship, and our intercourse ever since has been of the most friendly character, and I trust, mutually profitable for the cause of Christ. To make our work efficient, and our donations from friends available, we needed a Chapel, and a Reading Room and Library. We wanted to draw out the religious power in men's hearts, consolidate it, and make it a means to the personal excellence of the soldiers, and hence the moral welfare and higher discipline of the Hospital,—for the religious integrity of patients is an earnest of a Hospital's harmony and prosperity. Such means would destroy indolence, vice-tendencies,—would fill up the hours of convalescence with the best kind of secular and religious reading. A few hundred dollars spent thus to make most useful the large magazine and book supplies of friends and "Aid Societies," would save to society thousands that otherwise must be raised by taxation to support the immorality that would otherwise flow back upon it from the influences of civil war, if we do not thus counteract it. There would come a moral revenue to the country in the good thoughts started and better lives formed, making these outlays for religious and intellectual advantages the best investments for the purity and the stability of the nation. Friends North appreciateed these statements by *material* responses. The U. S. Christian Commission, which has furnished us so liberally with miscellaneous reading for free distribution, did not then in the latter part of '62 and early part of '63 build chapels and reading rooms, hence our application to their Board for funds for a chapel failed, and application to some wealthy men in New York City through the New York *Observer* failed, so private individuals in Boston, through Dr. S. L. Abbott, had built and transported to Fort Monroe in sections a patent portable building for a Chapel,

while friends at Sing Sing, N. Y., Pittsburg and Syracuse, raised for us funds with which to furnish it. Soldier mechanics took delight to erect, seat, paint, and carpet it after the furniture arrived from Baltimore, and prepare it for the ordinances of the sanctuary. The donors gave this Chapel upon the condition that, when no longer needed here for a Hospital Chapel, it should be transferred to some other point of benevolent labor. Since its dedication to the cause of Christ and our country among the soldiers in 1863, nearly every day or night have there been meetings for preaching or prayer, debating societies, bible-classes, Sunday schools, and singing schools, announced by the Chapel bell,—a gift by Messrs. Fitch, Van Buren, and Townsend of Syracuse, N. Y., which when the war ends, is to be transferred to the Scattergood Mission Chapel in their city, not from its value, but from its patriotic associations.

Thousands of soldiers have been encamped around and against it. Throwing open doors and windows, we had meetings nightly, when the chapel would be jammed and a half dozen visible heads in each window and others still beyond listening. What religious experiences these soldier travelers to their regiments have unfolded. I have known forty men either talk or pray in two hours of the meetings, and over two hundred rise for prayers. Most deeply solemn were those meetings. How stately God's spirit has moved amid those throngs to bring hearts into a higher life. So changing were the audiences that every night would present new faces—all thanking God for this delightful and ever memorable religious home. All nations and States and regiments would be represented. The voices of both white and colored troops would mingle in prayer and praise,—breaking down the prejudice of the one, and reforming the plantation habits of worship of the other. The fact of so many men coming and going daily for the last year has made this, and it still remains, one of the most useful and important posts for religious labor in the army.

Battery F, under Captain Blake, has had a great work to take care of these moving armies. The quiet and order that have always prevailed and general satisfaction I have always heard expressed by the men attest to the just and systematic efficiency of your Battery and its commanders.

Not only your company, the Camp Distribution and the inmates

of the Chesapeake Hospital have been profited by these advantages, but the whole surrounding country have availed themselves of these religious privileges. Families of Government employees at the Fort, and citizens of the country, and soldiers of Hampton Hospital have freely and cordially participated in all our meetings, debates, and singing-schools. The soldiers' bible-class and children's Sunday school at 2 P. M. on Sundays and the school for colored soldiers and attendants around Hospital and servants of sick and wounded officers, have never ceased their interest for the last year, although constantly changing. I shall always be grateful to those men of your company and the members of the Hospital and the Veteran Reserve Corps stationed here, who have always been present when possible, and ready to give their aid as teachers and active co-workers in all this arduous labor.

The Library of 1500 volumes in the Reading Room adjoining Chapel was begun with a box of mouldy books sent in a good condition to our prisoners at Saulsbury, N. C., by the pupils of Hughes' High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. The box was thrown out at Fort Monroe in the Fall of '62, and the books turned over to me by Mrs. John Harris, of Philadelphia. This was the origin of our present Library of most veteran looking books and more than 200 bound volumes of all kinds of magazines from their long and diligent circulation in Hospital wards by patients and attendants. We have received valuable additions to these from the Dutch Reformed Board of New York, through Rev. Mr. Bingham, from New York and Pittsburg branches of U. S. C. C., from friends of soldiers, patients in Hospital, and from various private sources; also, through the contribution of the publishers and different individuals connected at times with the Hospital, we have about twenty-five religious and secular daily and weekly papers on file in the Reading Room to which all have access six hours daily. This has truly been a religious and intellectual home to thousands of soldiers who have passed through the Hospitals and Camp Distribution at Fort Monroe.

Every book, and article of furniture, and nail nearly has a history—as everything came from private, and very little from public sources. The soldiers always freely co-operated. The beautiful bible was a present from them for use in the Chapel. Each man gave his five or ten cent note—one his last five cent note, and

another two of his three postage stamps, his *only convertible funds.* Each one wanted stock in that bible. So with many other appliances essential to the work. With the aid of the soldiers and Dr. Abbot of Boston, Mrs. Maurice of Sing Sing, Mrs. Fitch of Syracuse, Miss Moorhead of Pittsburg, the Misses Kenly of Baltimore, and Mrs. Dully of the Hospital, our beautiful Bethesdean Tabernacle was finally pitched, and its long usefulness to so many of our brave defenders has manyfold paid in moral value its expense in money. Col. Wm. L. James, the present Chief Q. M. of the Dept. of Va., then Capt. & A. Q. M., gave us every facility in his power, and was ever ready to accommodate us with what we could not elsewhere obtain. But just as all these agencies were thoroughly doing their work for the thousands of enlisted men passing through Chesapeake General Hospital early in 1864, a change was made. Surgeons McCay, Stocker and Snelling had respectively been in charge since the opening of the Hospital; but in February, 1864, the latter resigned and went home to New York to civil practice, when Dr. E. McClellan, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hampton Hospital since its organization in August, 1862, was put in charge also of Chesapeake, when both Hospitals were consolidated, and in course of the Spring campaign all enlisted men were transferred to Hampton,and Chesapeake became the "Officers' Division of the U. S. General Hospital, Fort Monroe. We felt at that time that, as the proportion of officers is so much less than of enlisted men, our privileges would not reach as many soldiers as their extent and availability warranted. During the campaign of 1864, however, we were filled with sick and wounded officers from the Army of the James. But just as this change occurred, the Military Prison was established here, your Battery was brought here to guard it, and then Camp Distribution was removed to this point. Hence since February, 1864, these three institutions have constituted the field of our daily labor in connection with the Hospital. We have never wanted for men to spread the truth among. Daily our reading room would be filled with soldiers writing letters, reading books, perusing the papers on file, studying the maps, and selecting suitable matter to carry to their regiments. During one month 80,000 pages were issued from our reading room, 4,000 religious papers of all denominations were given away, 1,000 letters were written, and 30 religious and literary meetings

were held in the chapel and barracks of the camp—including sermons, prayer-meetings, debates, bible-classes, Sunday-schools, class-meetings and singing schools. The aggregate results of our monthly reports since January 1, 1865, to April 30, 1865 amount as follows: Meetings of all kinds held, secular and religious, in Chapel and barracks of camp and prison, 122; number of religious papers of all denominations distributed, 10,799; of tracts and soldiers' small pocket books, 5,223, amounting in pages to 168,692; of letters written in reading room, 2,040; and of library books drawn from Library, read and returned 1,100; besides a large amount of testaments, bibles, magazines, pamphlets, prayer books, hymn books, &c. &c. We have been supplied weekly with boxes of reading from Rev. E. N. Crane, Agent of U. S. C. C. stationed at Norfolk. Va. This has been and still is one of the most available points, as the figures show, for christian labor. Thousands of men have passed through here monthly either to the front or back to their homes. What a vast seeding—may God bless it to an abundant spiritual harvest. So many men thrown all around our Chapel, the access to them has been easy, and the moral results have been great. Tens of thousands of Union soldiers have thus found a religious home while tarrying but a day or a week at Camp Distribution. Many a heart has throbbed with joyful trust as it left this place. Many a soul has in gratitude looked to God for its security through the field of strife, and that it is thus far towards home from the hardships of national defence and salvation. I have been assisted in these works by christian officers and privates who have been inmates of the Hospital, as well as by the members of your Battery. Corp. Monroe, the sexton, and private Cushman, the librarian, have had most laborious positions, so many meetings in the Chapel and so many visitors to the Library. You have laid us all under great obligations for your kind sympathy and generous support. There has never been a *jar* in our intercourse, although stationed with so many men, within a few yards of our meetings. I shall ever remember your honor as soldiers, and your friendship as men. Your post has been one of permanence, yet one of danger and exposure and labor. Over 100,000 men have passed through your camp since you have been stationed at this point. These men have gone to Newbern, Hilton Head, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, and up the riv

ers of the States to Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, &c., and details of your company have been their guard. On nearly every boat running out from Fortress Monroe I find your comrades on duty. Going thus to all parts of the sea-coast and the inland, your dangers and exposures have been great; and hence you were called to mourn the loss by drowning of thirteen of your comrades when the Government transport, "General Lyon," was burned off Cape Hatteras, when returning to Fort Monroe from Wilmington. These men fell at the post of duty as martyrs and heroes for their country, equally as though killed on the field of battle. The soldier that promptly obeys orders is doing his duty to his country and his family, town, State and nation, will cherish his memory whether his remains were engulphed in a watery sepulchre or buried in the trenches among the undistinguished dead of the bloody field.

In this short narrative of a few changes and features of our moral work, I am glad to bear testimony to your Battery and commanders for both efficiency in order and fidelity to trusts. So long as Camp Distribution remains at this Post, there will be—and we shall need your co-operation—a great field of religious work. But soon, I trust, we shall all return to our homes, with the consciousness that we have tried to do our duty to save our country in the place especially assigned us in God's Providence. But our hearts throb sadly as the great drama closes. The blood of our noble leader must help seal the salvation of the Republic. But we have our country left and his example of grand integrity. Let us pray this great calamity may be sanctified to the national good. May God's blessing go with you, and the many soldiers that have mingled with us for the last three years at this Post, and may His Spirit enable you to crown your lives at last with the full record of true nobility, which shone in the goodness and greatness of our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.

Your friend sincerely,

JAMES MARSHALL.